

AN
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

*—Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Though all the Fault, is the Beholders Eye.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*, without
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(Price Six-Pence.)

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—Killing is a Crime ~~which~~ black on high,
Though all the Faint, is the Redeeming Eye.

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St. Pauls Church, in the Strand.

(Price Six Pence)



T O

The Right Honourable

Sir *Robert Walpole.*

SIR,



Have taken the Freedom of this Address, without first asking leave; for two *Reasons*: The one, because I have nothing to beg, but something to bestow.—A poor Present (I must confess) to so Great a *Patriot!* to *Whom* (as an *Englishman*) I owe the greatest *Obligations*: And the *Favour* being so small, you can have no *Curiosity* to know one to whom you are not obliged. This gives me a just *Umbrage* to conceal my Name; not that I am either *afraid*, or *asham'd* of it, only I know it is not of *Consequence* enough

enough to give the least Credit to my *Performance*; in which I have sincerely express'd my own Sentiments, and I flatter myself, those of every *Honest Unprejudic'd Briton*.

My other *Reason* is, That as I depend upon nothing in return for this Trifle, but the Continuance of your Zeal for your *King and Country*; so even in concealing my Name, I may be said to act *above-board*: A *Paradox* too easy to need an *Explanation*. I can't indeed say I don't want a *Place*, but I am sure I don't deserve *one*; and consequently can expect *nothing* from you. A few Lines more would make my *Dedication* longer than the P O E M: I must therefore take leave, and subscribe myself, with Great and True Respect,

S I R,

Your very much Obligated,

And Obedient Humble Servant.



A N

E P I S T L E, &c.

WH I L S T venal Poets in unbidden Lays
Do but Petition, when they seem to Praise:

My Grateful Muse (*unknowing Guile or Art*)
Speaks but the *Dictates* of an honest Heart:
No sordid Ends her humble Notes inspire;
But such as WALPOLE'S *Truth* and *Fame* require.

Thee, *Patriot* Thee, expecting *Britain* views!
Fond to commend, or Envious to accuse:
Faction enrag'd *thy Publick Honour* stains;
Whilst *Nations* blest, applaud thy generous *Pains*:
Nor need'st thou more---our *Wishes* to engage
Than *Faction's* unavailing *Hate* and *Rage*.

Justice and *Honour* form Thy great Designs ;
 Which *Prudence* ripens, and which *Time* refines :
 To *Peace*, or *War* direct th' Indignant Sword ;
 As Kingdoms keep *Their Faith*, or break *Their Word*.
Britain exults ! a Terror to her Foes :
 And awes contending *Europe* to Repose.

When (urg'd by Thee) *Her* angry *Lion* roars ;
 Prefaging Thunder to remoter Shores ;
 Affrighted *Russia* (jealous of *his* Rage)
 Recalls *Her* Fleet, *his* Fury to assuage !
 Too well *she* knew ; *his* *Prowess* and *his* *Fame* :
 And only bully'd in a * Woman's Name.

Ungrateful *Austria's* Pride may vainly boast
 His num'rous *Army*, and extended *Coast* :
 Thou dar'st controul his † *Avarice* of *Trade* ;
 In *Breach* of *Faith*, and Solemn *Treaties* made :
 His ** *fruitless* Rage, and *ineffectual* Fire,
 Like *Rockets* bounce, and burst ; and then expire.

* *Empress* of *Russia's* Letter to the late King *George*.

† *Ostend* Company.

** *Emperor's* Memorial.

Nor needs the *Catholick Religious King*
Te Deums for his great Successes sing.
 Oft' as *Gibraltar* has been bought and sold !
 'Tis Proof against his Mortars and his Gold.
 Rich with *Peruvian Ore* his Vessels come ;
 But 'tis with *Leave* ; they bring their *Treasure* home.
 'Tis Time to hold the *Rudder* in Thy Hands ;
 Fearless of threat'ning Waves, or lurking Sands.
Studious to shun, as *Skilful* to descry
 Approaching Danger, e'er it draws too nigh :
 Through *Billows*, *Storms*, and *Insurrections*, too,
 Thou steer'st the *freighted Bark* ; and sav'st the
 noisy Crew.

On thee did *Glorious Brunswick's* Smiles attend ;
 His *Faithful Counsellor* and *Constant Friend* :
 Nor less his Son's----whose *Royal Favours* wait
 To crown thy *Virtues* with becoming *State* :
Faction essay'd in vain with *Heart* and *Voice*
 To blind his *Judgment*, and pervert his *Choice*.

Let *Craftsmen* rail and rangle (out of *Place*)
 And in their *Satyr* speak their own *Disgrace*:
 Thy conscious Soul (that scorns their feeble Arts)
 Triumphs superiour, with superiour Parts:
 Or if thou deign'st to check their growing Lyes,
 Their Hearts subside, and all their Courage dies.

O! Born to make thy *native happy Isle*
 Rejoice in *Plenty*; and in *Freedom* smile.
Tyrants lament their *Iron Sceptre* gone:
 And *Liberty* assumes her *Golden Throne*:
Conscience submits to none but *Laws Divine*,
 And *Loyalty* to none; but *GEORGE* and *CAROLINE*.

F I N I S.

